

And Then It's Gone

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Summary: It is times like these that I understand why my grandfather wants so very badly for Drake to join him. The reason is in the wicked twist of Drake's smirk; amused but detached, as if I am no more to him than some momentary entertainment. In the studying coolness of his pale blue eyes, tinged with a spark of desire so well hidden I half-believe I have imagined it.

And Then It's Gone

Hey! This is utter PWP, with something you guys haven't seen from me yet. Tim/Damian! Enjoy!

**Warnings **for: BDSM, orgasm denial, sex toys, and restraints!

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><p>It is times like these that I understand why my grandfather wants so very badly for Drake to join him. Why he'll waste so many resources and allow Drake to deal him costly blows time and time again just to shrug it off. Why they play what seems like some ancient game of courting, if only the interest between them were sexual. Thankfully it is not, at least on Drake's part.</p>

The reason is in the wicked twist of Drake's smirk; amused but detached, as if I am no more to him than some momentary entertainment. In the studying coolness of his pale blue eyes, tinged with a spark of desire so well hidden I half-believe I have imagined it. It is in the way he touches me absolutely only where he intends to, no matter how I strain for more, and ignores my sounds except to allow a slightly more pronounced curl to his mouth.

It is even easier to see in his neatly pressed business suit, the tailored lines clinging perfectly despite the fact that he's been wearing it all day, and how it contrasts my nudity. Though perhaps it

is easiest in how his left hand is pressed to my throat, his thumb in the hollow so it is difficult to breathe and two fingers pressing just hard enough into my carotid artery to make me faintly dizzy. His other hand is lower, sliding two slick fingers inside of me in a maddeningly steady rock of movement that's impossibly precise. I desire more, and it should not be possible for him to press so deliberately against my prostate with every slide and remind me of that.

My grandfather seeks an heir to be the next Demon's Head, and when Drake fully embraces his power he is absolutely nothing less than a demon himself. I can understand the desire to possess such a creature, though I do not believe that my grandfather will ever own Drake the way he wishes to. Drake is not the type to be owned.

The thumb presses hard into my throat for a moment, and I choke and jerk back the half an inch my chains will allow me, though his thumb follows unerringly and eases only when he desires it to. I cannot help but swallow, part my mouth as if that will somehow gain me easier access to air.

"Drifting?" Drake murmurs, his voice as calm and collected as if he is doing nothing more than simply speaking to me. "I expect your attention when I decide to touch you, pet. Is this too much distraction for you to do that?" His smirk curls a touch wider as he asks, "Should I stop?"

"No," I gasp, before I control myself enough to wet my lips and force my voice mostly steady. "I'm present, Drake. I apologize for my lapse of focus."

Drake has kept me strung up here for nearly two hours, though he's only been playing the last thirty. My wrists are circled in butter-soft yet endlessly enduring leather cuffs, and those are connected to a sturdy steel bar suspended above my head. Simple enough to unlock and escape, if he hadn't painstakingly stripped me of every single one of my tools, and my ankles weren't cuffed as well. My right is connected to an eyebolt in the floor, with barely an inch of give, and my left is stretched up along the length of my torso and connected to the same bar above my head, so I am on display and vulnerable to whatever he chooses to do to me.

The stretch is nothing I cannot handle, and I have held more strenuous positions for longer periods of time in my training. It is the vulnerability that is dragging my mind from me, even though Drake is doing nothing he has not done to me a hundred times.

I have no weapons, no leverage, no room to move or defend myself, and I am bare in every sense of the word. I cannot hide, cannot fight, and those are two things that have not been simultaneously stripped from me in a long time. The hand on my throat is a distinct reminder of the fact that I am entirely at his mercy, and Drake might be a hero but mercy has never been high on his list of virtues. He's too good at manipulation for him to let people off that easily.

"Accepted," Drake murmurs, as if my apology is a tribute laid at his feet. "Don't let it happen again, Damian. If you weren't better than that, you wouldn't be here to begin with."

I'm not given the time to fully dissect that comment before he's letting go of my throat and slipping his fingers from my body as one. My first breath without the pressure comes deep, almost gasping, and my head tilts back a couple inches as Drake circles me. It's only a moment before he's at my back, his fingers pushing back inside me and then pushing apart as if to test how relaxed I am. Very, is the answer. I can't help the small moan that escapes my chest when his other hand slides into my hair and tugs at it just hard enough to be a touch painful. There's not even a brush of his clothing anywhere but in those two points of contact, though I can feel the faint tickle of air against my shoulder as he speaks.

"No words for now, pet. Sound is fine, but don't speak until I tell you otherwise. Clear?" I give a slow nod, and he releases my hair and withdraws from my body again. "Good."

I can hear the rustle of cloth, the faint clink of metal, and I bite my tongue to fully squash the urge to turn my head and look over my shoulder. I can certainly twist that far, but Drake will not appreciate my attempt to cheat and his punishments can be quiteâ€| inventive. I squeeze my eyes shut for just a moment, listening to the hints of sounds and attempting to piece together an image from those clues. Drake moves just a fraction before my mind catches up with him.

I arch as what can only be his cock pushes into me, thin fingers clasping down over the juts of my hips as he relentlessly slides in. It is more than slicked, but even relaxed as I am two fingers is not really adequate preparation for his girth. Though of course he knows that. It is not that Drake is exceptionally thick, but more that he is precisely aware of how much I can stretch, and precisely how much of that stretch I will enjoy before it slides to true pain.

This is the kind of stretch that leaves me clenching around him when he's bottomed out, that shortens my breath and drives me higher without truly hurting.

I allow myself a small moan, as Drake's fingers trace senseless patterns over my right hip. Or not senseless. Shapes I know, letters, in Arabic. I shudder when I follow the full pattern of the single word he's tracing into my skin, but grit my teeth and refuse to fully follow the command the word implies.

Submit.

Then Drake is moving inside of me, and it's a hot rush of desire that sparks up my spine when I feel the brush of cloth against my skin, and realize that Drake has undressed only as much as absolutely necessary to use me. With every inwards push I can feel the fine fabric of his suit pants, the slight bite of the undone zipper, and hear a soft clink of metal that must be his belt falling against itself. I do not know why the image appeals to me as it does, but I cannot deny that it does.

Of course Drake has this perfected as much as anything else, and the push of him inside me is perfectly directed to slide against my already abused prostate with each movement. His hands hold me still for him, not that I could move all that much anyway, and his fingers dig in with nearly bruising force as he fucks me.

I bite my bottom lip to keep silent, feeling the coil in my gut wind tighter with each flex of his fingers and uncompromising thrust, listening for the faint sounds of his pleasure. I can just barely hear his soft pants, but there is nothing else but the slick, dirty sound as he slides inside of me. It's a sound that brings a flush to my cheeks and parts my mouth for a moment before I rein the reaction in. I wrap my hands around the chains connecting me to the ceiling, tilting my head back to try and gain back some of my control. Drake is good, but I am not some weak willed, fawning flower and he cannot make me behave as one no matter how fully he restricts my movements. I am a Wayne, I am an Al Ghul, and no one has the power to make me subservient if I do not allow it.

His right hand releases my hip, sliding forward around my waist until he can trail his fingers up the underside of my cock. I twist into the touch before I can stop myself, and he immediately pulls his hand away.

"Ah-ah," he tsks. "My terms, pet. Stay still, or I make you come from nothing but me in you. I know you can, Damian; I'd like to see it again."

I bite down on the sarcastic comment at the tip of my tongue, and shiver when Drake's fingers trace the length of me again, with barely a feather's weight. It is nothing and everything all at once, and I have to tense and sink my teeth harder into my lip to control the urge to buck into that stretched thread of pleasure. I don't know how he manages to continue fucking me while maintaining only that slight touch, and without rocking me further into it, but he does manage it. It's teasing, frustrating, and I swallow back the demand for more that lies at the tip of my tongue. Drake's punishment will not be pleasant, though it would certainly fall under the category of 'more,' and he would take a sadistic kind of joy in that.

Drake's mouth presses lightly to the side of my throat, like a promise, before his fingers abandon their teasing touch and wrap more firmly around me. I bite back on a cry, shuddering and clenching around him as he starts to stroke me. I can feel the soft hum of approval he makes through the press of his mouth. I can also feel the slightly less controlled edge to his thrusts; he wasn't unaffected by the time spent playing with me beforehand, and he won't be all that much longer himself.

"Damian," he breathes against my throat, with a raw note of desire he can't quite keep hidden. Then his teeth graze over my throat, teasing the thought of a bite or a mark â€“ my breath sharpens at the idea â€“ before pulling back just a bit as he tells me, "You can speak. I have a question for you, and I expect an answer."

I release my lip, still fighting not to buck into his grip but finding that restraint easier now that I no longer have to keep my voice under control as well. Not that I let the moans of pleasure building in my chest out, but I do let myself give a small gasp at a particularly good twist of his hand.

"Who owns you?" Drake asks, and my eyes snap wide.

"What?" I ask, sure that I've heard him wrong or that he's simply taunting me. Drake makes a small warning sound against my throat, and

I can't help baring my teeth and clenching my hands around the chains. "No one," I spit, narrowing my eyes. "I belong to myself and no one else."

Drake's answering sound doesn't immediately strike me as displeased, though it doesn't strike me as the reaction he might have given for the answer I can only assume he wants either. The answer he will not get.

Still, his hand grasps me a little tighter, stroking more along the lines of what he knows I love, and any thought of trying to puzzle out Drake's behavior dies as I gasp and push forward into his hand. He doesn't stop me this time, and his thrusts pick up power as his breathing goes a little more ragged against my throat. I roll my hips as best I can, pushing back against his thrusts and then into the slide of his hand, using him as much as he's using me. He gives a sharp little gasp when I clench down in reaction to a hard wave of pleasure, and I arch my head back and moan towards the ceiling.

"Drake," I whisper, refusing to admit that it might sound like a plea. "Drake."

I twist, the pleasure rising towards that cresting point, bringing me higher. He pushes into me a little harder, fingers clenching down on my hip, his breath coming faster against my throat. I give a small cry, tugging at the chains as the coil in my gut winds tighter, and tighter"

And then his hand is gone.

I choke, his angles changing so he's moving slightly sideways, the wrong way, with his hands at my hips again. My eyes are wide, staring at the ceiling as he pushes into me a couple more times and then cries out, coming deep inside of me and leaving me at the precipice of a cliff I can't fall off of by myself. I shake, my cock throbbing and protesting the sudden lack of any stimulation, and manage a sound of loss and denial as I twist against my bonds.

"No!" I gasp, and my body jerks as Drake slips from me and lets go, ceasing all contact. "Drake, don't!"

Fingers touch my sides, skating up my ribs, and lips press against the back of my neck as Drake murmurs, "Don't what, Damian?"

I try and push back against him, use some of my small range of movement to get more contact, but he denies it. "Drake," I warn, jerking against the leather cuffs. "Do not play games with me."

"Isn't that most of what we do?" he teases, and then he's brushing my side as he steps around to face me. He's done up again, and only the lingering flush to his cheeks and warmth to his eyes disrupts his image. He leans in, one hand circling my cock â€" I refuse to admit that I whine at the contact â€" and his mouth finding mine in a kiss with more than an edge of teeth.

He strokes me, mouth leaving mine and pressing kisses down my jaw and to my neck. I arch my head back, baring my throat to him as he digs

his teeth into my skin. I rock my hips into his hand and he lets me, his mouth abandoning the first spot for a second one. I'm moaning, almost shaking, and it doesn't take more than about a minute for him to wind me right back up to that peak. I choke, his hand tightening just that perfect little bit more, andâ€"

He lets go, steps away, and I shout a wordless protest, jerking violently against the cuffs and dragging my head back down, my eyes wide and wild. Drake is smiling like there is nothing wrong, like he hasn't just _ripped _me away from an orgasm for the second time tonight. I can't find words in me for a moment, can't force myself to focus. I drag in a hard breath, shake, bare my teeth on a snarl because I _won't _let myself cry out.

"_Drake_," I growl, breathless and angry.

"Did you want something?" He steps closer again, though not close enough for me to actually touch. "You seemed pretty insistent that you weren't mine, Damian. Changed your mind?"

My teeth grind together. "One thing does _not _equate to the other, Drake. Finish what you started!"

His head tilts, left hand coming forward and stroking me just _once _before pulling away. "They're related in _my _mind, Dami. I mean, if you're not mine I shouldn't be touching you, should I?" He smiles, shrugs. "Too bad, I guess. That's alright, I have work to do anyway."

He turns, starts towards his desk, and my mouth hangs open for a second before I manage to get past the shock. "You must be _joking_. Drake, you will _not _just leave me here!" He stills, and I snarl, "Get _back_ here."

He turns back, still smiling. "No, I guess I shouldn't just leave you. Not in that kind of a state. That would be _cruel_, wouldn't it?"

I'm almost foolish enough to breathe a sigh of relief when he comes back, but that's cut off when he goes to my back instead of facing me. I turn my head towards the small table of tools when I hear movement, but I don't have the time to figure out what's missing before one of his hands is grabbing a handful of my hair and dragging my head back. I instinctively gasp, and then there's silicone slipping between my teeth and leather pulling tight against my cheeks. The insert holds my tongue flat against the bottom of my mouth, but I manage a protesting growl that comes out more than a little muffled.

Drake secures the gag and then pushes my head forward, fingers hard against my scalp. I swallow away any more words that won't come out, any more threats, and just pull against my bonds instead. Then there's something pushing inside of me, and I arch even though there's nowhere for me to go, the hard silicone a match for what's in my mouth but bigger, stretching me a bit even after Drake. The last bit slips in and I recognize it as a plug, and if I had to guess â€" because Drake is a _demon_ â€" I'd say it's the one that vibrates and has a remote.

He presses up against my back, and I hear a jingle of metal â€" like

a bell â€” before he's peeling open the fist of my right hand and pressing what feels very much like a small metal ball into my hand. He closes my fingers around it, and then circles me. One hand has the remote that I guessed it would, and he slides the fingers of his other hand around the back of my neck and holds me still.

"I'm going to go do that work I've been putting off," he tells me matter of factly. "If you change your mind, and decide there's something you want to say, all you have to do is drop that. I'll listen."

I meet his look without yielding, clenching my hand around the ball, and he lets go of my neck. I watch him move over to his desk, sitting down in the chair and turning to the laptop he left open when he initially abandoned it for me. I sink my teeth into the gag, testing it even though I've tested this gag before and it won't give. I can breathe, but it keeps my mouth full and me silent, for the most part. It's as solid as the cuffs around my limbs, and as worn.

The vibrator clicks to life inside me, and I jerk and give a muffled moan. Drake doesn't even look up. The remote is by his right hand, but he's not paying it any more attention than he is me.

The toy is thick enough that it's pressing against everything it should, winding me higher without any real effort. Not that it even takes much at this point. I close my eyes, twisting against the restraints to feel them as that coil at the base of my spine winds tight again. Inch by inch, as I moan around the gag.

It doesn't surprise me one bit when, right as I'm slipping into the point of actually beginning to feel the spring about to break, the toy clicks off again. Just like that. No shock, but frustration makes me snarl and shout against the gag, arching to try and somehow tense enough to shove the toy harder against my prostate and push myself off the edge. Of course it doesn't work.

The second time Drake repeats that cycle I writhe and jerk against my chains, snarling curses he won't be able to understand even as he ignores me.

The third, tears gather in my eyes and I shake. My sounds are desperate, and I think about giving in to what I know he wants but end up clenching my hand harder around that bell and weathering the persistent trembling of my muscles and the almost painful sensitivity the denial has forced me to.

The fourth, I break.

The bell drops from my hand, and the moment it hits the floor Drake is standing, sweeping around his desk and coming right up to me. His hands slides back through my hair, undoing the buckle for the gag and pulling it from between my teeth. His touch is gentle, and I lean into it, try to hold back the desperate little whine that slips out between my teeth. It doesn't work, and Drake's hands stay gentle as he strokes over my cheek, back along my scalp.

"What is it, Dami?" he murmurs. "What do you want to say?"

My mouth opens uselessly around words I can't form, and then I force myself to swallow and drag myself together enough to whisper, "Yours.

Iâ€" I am yours, Drake." His eyes warm with satisfaction, and I shudder and twist my head into his hands. "Please," I beg, surrendering myself to the demon I've chosen to involve myself with. "Drake, please."

He kisses me, soft and chaste and I ease into the gentleness of it. "Of course," he murmurs against my lips. His right hand slides down my neck, tracing a path down the center of my chest and then, finally, curling around my cock.

I nearly sob, my breath coming out ragged as his hand grips just perfectly and starts slowly stroking me.

"So wet for me," he whispers, thumb sliding around the head of my cock and collecting some of the precome he's coaxed from my body. "What a filthy boy you are, Dami. My beautiful, filthy boy. You'll come for me, won't you baby?"

"Yes," I gasp, pushing my hips into his hand. "Drake. Drake, please let meâ€" Iâ€""

"I've got you, Dami." His lips press to my jaw, my throat, back up to the corner of my mouth. "Come on, babe, let go. Let it all go and come for me. My boy, mine."

I choke, twisting against my cuffs and then arching. The coil in my gut snaps, and my orgasm rushes up my spine like a tidal wave, crashing over my mind and destroying any other thought. I think I scream, but it's so intense that I lose myself in it, the feeling dragging on, and on, and on. I shake, and then the hand around my cock is letting go, pulling away as the sensitivity slides from intense right into painful.

I tremble, my head lowering as I relax into my binds. One of Drake's arms is around my waist, holding me up, and I become aware that he's undoing the cuffs keeping me upright. He does my wrists first, guiding each of my arms down to loosely drape around his torso in turn. Then he undoes my leg, and my weight rests more heavily on him as he very carefully lowers my leg down from its stretch and to the floor. I give a soft groan at the relaxation, my head bowing down onto Drake's shoulder.

He moves down, and I pry my eyes open a little bit to watch him as he lays me down on the carpeted floor. I get a kiss to the temple for the look, before he moves down and unlocks the last cuff around the ankle I had on the floor. Then I let my eyes drift shut again, though the way Drake's hands slide higher up my thighs is a bit distracting. I gasp, shifting, as his fingers wrap around the base of the plug and slowly, carefully, pull it free from me.

A groan escapes me, and then Drake's hands are back on me and he's lifting me. I can hear the grunt of effort it costs him, but soon enough he's carrying me across the room and then setting me down on what feels like it has to be that amazing leather couch near the corner of the room. He follows me right down, gathering me into his arms and holding me to his chest, my head down near his collarbone and beneath his chin. His fingers trace idle patterns on the skin of my back, and I relax.

The only thing that could make this better was if Drake was equally

naked, and not still in that business suit. Small sacrifices.

I shift, sigh, and press a little closer to him. "Drake," I murmur, just wanting to feel his name on my tongue.

"Damian," he answers, in a soft, hushed voice. "Back with me, baby?"

"More or less," I breathe.

He nuzzles the top of my head. "Have fun?" is his next question, and I smile against his chest and then give a small nod. "Good. You just let me know if you need anything, alright? Water, a blanket, to go home, anything at all. I've got you, my baby boy."

I slide my hand over the side of his waist, looping it around his back. "I wish you as bare as me," I murmur, "and then I wish to lie here until the humming fades from my skin, After thatâ€œ! I will let you know, Drake. Start there."

He smiles, and then pulls away from me. "You got it, babe. Lemme double check the door, and then you've got me as long as you want me. I promise."

I stretch out a bit along the couch, and hum my approval as I open my eyes to watch Drake strip out of his clothes.

End
file.